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KING OF THE PORTUGUESE LAUGHS AND GROWS FAT

HIS CONSUL IN CHICAGO DENIES THE STORY THAT THE MONARCH
IS A GOURMAND—HIS MAJESTY IS MADE FAT BY CHEERFUL-
NESS AND REPUBLICANS CIRCULATED STORY OF HIS EATING
TOO MUCH.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The Daily News says: A big soul means a big man. For proof, witness the King of Portugal.

The Count of Santa Eulalia, his majesty's consul in Chicago, entered a vigorous defense of the great King Carlos today. He declared that the king had grown to his present bulk not through heavy eating—he has the appetite of a bird—but because of his joviality, big-heartedness and love for his subjects. The Count was prompted to speak out by the publication of a dispatch from Lisbon yesterday saying that court physicians had halted King Carlos in his "mad gastronomic dissipation." The scientific possibility of a king's growing fat on good nature alone was upheld later by Dr. Sheldon Leavitt.

The consul was able to give a number of interesting views of King Carlos, the man. He told how the ruler departed in the early morning. He also gave a complete royal menu—breakfast, dinner and supper—a canary bird diet in comparison with the

ment? Very well, I shall tell you. "For breakfast he has a small, a very small cup of coffee—or a cup of tea. Yes, and a very little toast. Then comes his luncheon, but it is dinner with us. He partakes of a steak, a modest steak, which is not larger than the circle of my hands. So! Too, he has omelet. Ah, his majesty is very fond of omelet. For supper he partakes daintily of light food—fruit, maybe. Lastly, he takes very sparingly of wines. In fact, he does not eat so much what a lady does!"

"The king, you should know, is of such a pleasant nature. Even temperment. He is a fine sportsman, a grand shot. In the morning, after a night's sleep, he is at his jolliest. He gathers about him his mighty companions; he takes his horse; he takes his gun, and gallops singing through the forest. As he rides his mighty chest swells with pride for his lovely country and his grand people."

"His majesty has such a lovely disposition! He allows nothing to ruffle that temperament. He is loved by his



six daily plowboy repasts cited in the cablegram. The Count intimated that the dispatch had emanated from a press bureau of the Republican party of Portugal. Those Republicans have their mallets out for royalty, these days, 'tis said.

"Good morning," said the consul at the beginning of his visit to the office of The Daily News today. "Here is my card, sir." He gracefully presented a bit of pasteboard engraved with a many-knobbed crown, the headgear of the king at all formal affairs.

"I have come," said the Count, as he accepted a chair, "to inform you that the King of Portugal is not a gourmand. I have come to tell you that the King does not eat six meals a day. Also I have come to say to you that the King is not in danger of fatty degeneration of the heart."

His purpose made clear, the Count continued: "It is not the food his majesty consumes that makes him so large. Oh, no. He absorbs the milk of human kindness; he inhales much bulk of ozone. Would you know of what consists his majesty's nourish-

ment? Very well, I shall tell you. "For breakfast he has a small, a very small cup of coffee—or a cup of tea. Yes, and a very little toast. Then comes his luncheon, but it is dinner with us. He partakes of a steak, a modest steak, which is not larger than the circle of my hands. So! Too, he has omelet. Ah, his majesty is very fond of omelet. For supper he partakes daintily of light food—fruit, maybe. Lastly, he takes very sparingly of wines. In fact, he does not eat so much what a lady does!"

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KIDNAPPING AND RESCUE OF EDITOR

THE DESPERATE EFFORT OF SAN FRANCISCO CONSPIRATORS TO
GET EDITOR OLDER INTO JAIL—SPIRITED HIM AWAY ON LOS
ANGELES WARRANT BUT QUICK WORK INTERCEPTS THEM
AT SANTA BARBARA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 30.—Complete details of the frustrated attempt to kidnap Fremont Older, managing editor of The Bulletin, clearly reveal that the whole affair had not even the shadow of authority and was a plot hatched by the officials of the United Railroads to get the newspaper man out of San Francisco for reasons best known to themselves. Indeed, Older was spirited from this county not by deputies from Los Angeles and not on the strength of a warrant issued in the southern city, but by United Railroads detectives, who held him illegally in their custody by force of arms until the county line was safely passed.

The conspiracy was put in motion while Older was at the office of the graft prosecutors Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock. He was called up by phone, and as he took the receiver off the hook a strange voice said: "This is Mr. Stapleton. I am at the Savoy Hotel. I have some private business I'd like to discuss with you."

"What is your business?" asked Older. "I can't tell you over the phone."

"Very well, then, I'll be right down." Now Older knew no Mr. Stapleton and at once suspected that all was not well. As he left the office he said to Charles Cobb that it might be a plot.

Older walked down toward Van Ness avenue, and as he hurried along observed two automobiles following him, which he saw contained a hard-looking gang, but which he did not at first connect with himself. When he had reached the Baltimore Hotel, on Van Ness near Geary, the autos drew up at the curb and their occupants leaped out. Ben Cohn, a Los Angeles constable, shoved a warrant on the charge of criminal libel into his hand and then he was seized by a United Railroad detective whom he did not know. This man searched him to discover if he were armed and at once he passed out of the custody of the officer who had arrested him and into that of the Railroad employee who guarded him from that moment until he was taken off the train at Santa Barbara.

As soon as Older had been hustled into the auto and recovered from his surprise he demanded to be taken before his attorney. This demand was peremptorily denied. He then demanded an opportunity to furnish bail. Well knowing that Older had every legal right to this, the detectives resorted to a subterfuge.

"Very well," they said, "we'll take you to Judge Cook's court."

As the auto in which he was seated beside the unknown detective, with the constable on the front seat, proceeded at top speed, Older observed the other machine rolling along in front. It contained Luther Brown, chief of the United Railroad detectives, and Porter Ashe, one of Calhoun's legal staff.

Older soon found he was not going to Cook's court, and remarked on it. He was told with a laugh that they were going to Cook's home, but as the machine entered Golden Gate Park he was forced to the conclusion that the men meant him some bodily harm. Ignorant of his destination, in the custody of desperate men employed by enemies, and held without warrant of law, the editor might well suppose that serious injury, even death, was to be his lot. He began to plan some means of escape, but the machines were going with such rapidity that to

jump would have invited instant disaster. Constantly he heard Luther Brown in the leading auto described as "the boss," and as the route through the park was continued Deputy Cohn, on the front seat of the machine in which Older was held, began to call to Brown in an agitated way, as though to have him stop. No attention was paid to this, however, and later developments indicate that it was only a pretense.

Finally Older stood up in the tonneau with the intention of calling to some passerby for aid, but as he sat down again a revolver was pressed into his side by the railroad detective, who said he would have to shoot if any attempt to escape was made. After this Older submitted himself to circumstances. So great was the speed of the flight that Redwood City, despite the circuitous route, was reached in an hour and twenty minutes after the start was made.

At this point Older's request that he be allowed to send a message was denied, and he was hustled into the Los Angeles train, where he was forced into the diner with Porter Ashe, afterwards being held in a stateroom by authority of the same attorney.

During the journey Older explained to the Los Angeles constable that while he did not care for himself, his wife would be exceedingly nervous over his absence, and no doubt had come to the conclusion that he had been already drugged or murdered. For some time he talked in this strain and asked to be allowed to send a message from San Jose.

The constable seemed to be impressed with this, and at last said: "By God, I'll send anything you want to write by telephone."

Older believed his sincerity and penned a message to Rudolph Spreckels, which the man said he would have the telephone girl at San Jose send through at once. The message was never sent, though Older remained satisfied that it had been.

However, this piece of treachery did not accomplish its purpose, for along the road some one telephoned to the San Francisco Call that Older was kidnapped and on the southbound train. With splendid generosity and broadness, as well as forethought, Ernest Simpson, managing editor of the Call, at once put a large force of men on the story and before midnight had discovered the main facts of the conspiracy.

These were transmitted to Spreckels, Heney and Burns, and while Older was speeding southward all plans were perfected to intercept the train at Santa Barbara and seize the editor from the hands of his captors on a writ of habeas corpus.

When the train drew into Santa Barbara an indignant throng of citizens had gathered at the station and it would probably have gone hard with the United Railroad men had they not relinquished the prisoner when he was first recognized. Many prominent men offered to go on Older's bond, and Dr. Williams, a well-known citizen of the little city, declared that while he had no real estate his bank account was at the editor's disposal. Turning to Luther Brown he remarked:

"And as for you, if this had happened in Texas, forty feet of hemp is what you'd get."

Attorneys had been employed in Santa Barbara and there was no diff-

culty in establishing before Judge Crow that the affair was a clear case of kidnapping. Older was freed on \$3000 bail and took the night train back for San Francisco.

Had the attempt to kidnap Fremont Older and bring him before a Los Angeles judge on the trumped up criminal libel charge been successful, it was the intention of the grafters' agents to keep him in jail in the southern city without a chance of freedom. They hoped that with the political influence of Earl Rogers, Luther Brown and their friends of the same ilk backing them, they could rush through with a mockery of fair court proceedings and send the San Francisco editor behind the bars of a jail far away from his friends and associates. With Older once in jail, Rogers and Brown were depended upon to suppress public feeling in the south, and the graft defendants could then turn to the prosecution with the challenge:

"You have our men in jail in San Francisco. We have yours in jail in Los Angeles. What are you going to do about it?"

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